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THE RIOTOUS RETURN OF... YOU KNOW WHO!

EXCALIBUR™



50 YEARS



A

OR
CAPTAIN AMERICA
 1941 - 1991

PWEARE TO DIE!

Alan Davis
 Mark McKnight

THE OLD PIER—BRIGHTON, ENGLAND... CURRENTLY HOME TO GATECRASHER'S TECHNET, A GROUP OF INTER-DIMENSIONAL MERCENARIES.

ALIVE!
HA HA HA!

KRZZZ

IT'S
ALIVE!

IT'S
ALIVE!

QUERY STATUS
GATECRASHER.
BEHAVIOR
IRRATIONAL?

AYE, OUR
ILLUSTROUS
LEADER'S
CRACKED, BY
CROAKY!

NEW
LEADER WE
NEED.

I HEARD THAT
YOU MUTINIOUS
PARASITES!

YOU WERE ALL EAGER
TO JOIN MY TECHNET AND
SHARE IN THE FAT REWARD
I NEGOTIATED WHEN THE
OMNIVERSAL MAJESTRIX,
OPAL LUNA SATURNINE,
COMMISSIONED US TO
CAPTURE THE MUTANT
PHOENIX.

EXILED
US 'T' THIS
PRIMITIVE
MUD-HOLE.
SHE DID!

ONLY BECAUSE
YOU OUTLESS WONDERS
PERFORMED SO BADLY
IN OUR LAST ENCOUNTER
WITH EXCALIBUR.

BUT THIS
TIME IT
WILL BE
DIFFERENT.

...THIS TIME MY
GENIUS WILL BE
RECOGNIZED.

I HAVE A PLAN...
AND WITH MY EXTENSIVE
SKILLS IN BIOGENIC
NUCLEOTRONIC SPLICING
I HAVE CREATED THE
ULTIMATE SUPER-SECRET
MEGA-WEAPON!

THE POWERFUL CAPTAIN BRITAIN, THE SHAPE-CHANGING MEGGAN, THE INTANGIBLE SHADOWCAT, THE SWASHBUCKLING NIGHTCRAWLER, THE MYSTERIOUS PHOENIX, THE EVER-UNPREDICTABLE WHIMMET AND LOCKHEED THE DRAGON FORGED IN THE FIRES OF THEIR TRAGIC PASTS. THEY HAVE BANNED TOGETHER TO FIGHT A MODERN DAY CRUSADE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL! STAN LEE PRESENTS...

BEHOLD!

EXCALIBUR
DOESN'T STAND
A CHANCE.

WE BEGIN OUR
OPERATION AT
DAWN.

EXCALIBUR

A
MATCH
is
PLOTTED

ALAN DAVIS, WRITER/PENCILER. MARK FARRER, INKER.
MICHAEL HEISLER, LETTERER. GLYNIS OLIVER, COLORIST.
TERRY KAMMAGH, EDITOR. TOM DEVALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF.
EXCALIBUR CREATED BY CHRIS CLAREMONT AND ALAN DAVIS

THE EXCALIBUR LIGHTHOUSE--
SHORTLY AFTER
DAWN...

--TWENTY-THREE
PASSENGERS RECEIVED
MINOR INJURIES WHEN
THEIR TRAIN WAS
DERAILED AT
BRIDLINGTON
JUNCTION.

A GOVERNMENT
SPOKESMAN, MR. NISSEL
ORPINGTON-SMYTHE,
CLAIMED THAT THE
FORTUNATE LACK OF
FATALITIES WAS
ENTIRELY DUE TO THE
SUPER-GROUP
EXCALIBUR...

...WHO WORKED
TIRELESSLY AT THE
CRASH SITE FOR
OVER SEVEN HOURS.

MR. ORPINGTON-
SMYTHE BELIEVES THAT
EXCALIBUR'S HEROIC
EFFORTS SHOULD BE
REWARDED IN THE
QUEEN'S NEW YEAR
HONORS LIST
AND...

ACK! WHY DOES MR.
ORPINGTON-SMYTHE GIVE
NO CREDIT TO THE OTHER
HUNDRED AND FIFTY
RESCUE WORKERS?

THE NOVELTY OF
OUR POWERS MAKES
US NEWSWORTHY...

JA, BUT THE OTHERS' LACK OF
POWERS MAKES THEM MORE
HEROIC!

WHY ARE YOU SO
ANGRY? THE MAN IS
OBVIOUSLY A LEECH,
USING THE PUBLICITY
AROUND OUR ACTIVI-
TIES TO GET HIMSELF
NOTICED.

EXACTLY,
BRIAN: IT
MAKES ME
FEEL LIKE
A... A...

BOILED
EGG,
KURT?

HUH?!

ONE OR
TWO?

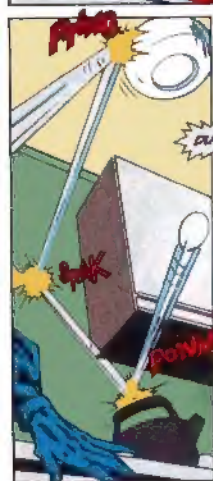
ONE,
DANKE.

KITTY?

RACHEL?

JUST
TOAST,
PLEASE,
MEGGAN.

SAME
HERE...BUT
LIQUIDIZE
IT...I'M TOO
TIED TO
CHEW.





WELL, YEW DON'T
GET WID OF
HAWD-BOILED HENWY
THAT EASY.

PWEPAH
TEY MEET
YAW DOOM!



I HAVE BEEN
CHOSEN BY THE
SUPREME
BRILLIANT,
INWEDIBLE,
MAGNIFICENT,
INVINCIBLE
GATEWASHER...



GATEWASHER?



...TO STWIKE
A BLOW THAT
WILL HEWALD
YAW DEFEAT IN
ONE SECOND...

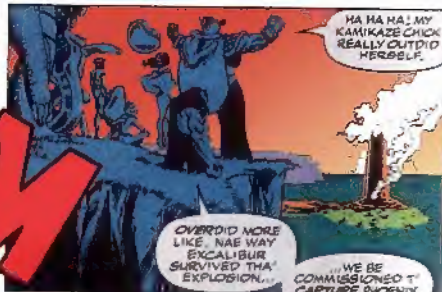


RACHEL...

...SCHWELL...

...IT'S
A...







--WE'RE STUCK
IN...

...WHERE ARE
WE STUCK IN?

IT'S TINY, WE'RE LUCKY
NOT TO HAVE MATERIAL-
IZED INSIDE A
WALL.

Look! Fix on Hard-Boiled
Henry's spaghetti kitchen, I think
I gasp! breathe in, Mother
I gasp! you're squash-
ing me...



Sorry, Mother, some
intrinsic quality of the stone-
work distorted my perception
of the spatial dimensions.

ENOUGH
EXCUSES--
WHERE ARE
EXCALIBUR?

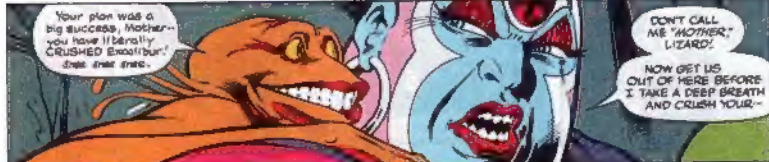
ATOMIZED
THINK I...

BLOWN UP
THROUGH THE
ROOF.

GRANN...



NO THEY
BE ALIVE--WE
BE STANDIN'
ON 'EM.



Your plan was a
big success, Mother--
you have liberally
CRUSHED Excalibur!
Dread dread dread.

DON'T CALL
ME "MOTHER,"
LIZARD!

NOW GET US
OUT OF HERE BEFORE
I TAKE A DEEP BREATH
AND CRUSH YOUR--



Yes, Mother.

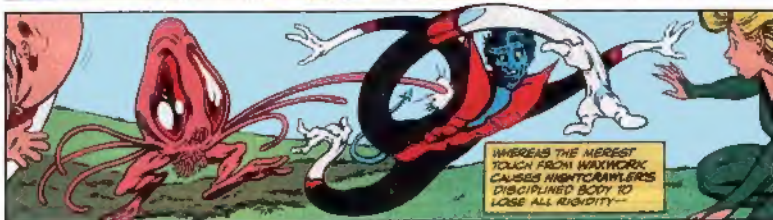
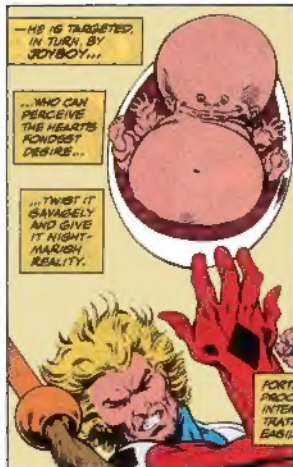
BODYBAG, GIFT WRAP OUR
LITTLE THEOPHY. WE DON'T WANT
PHOENIX WAKING BEFORE WE
DELIVER HER TO
SATURNINE.

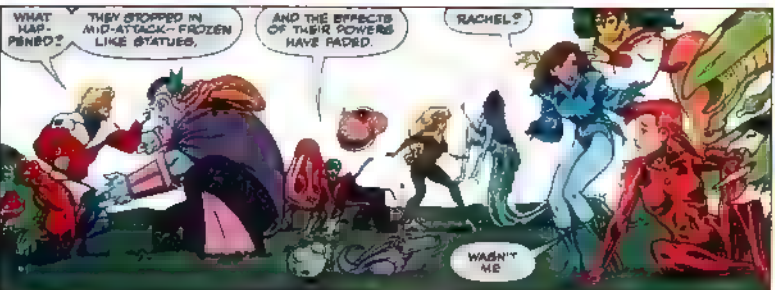
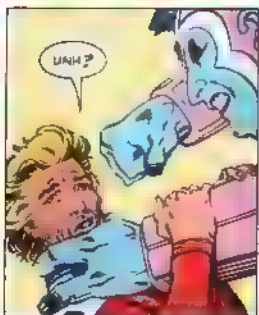
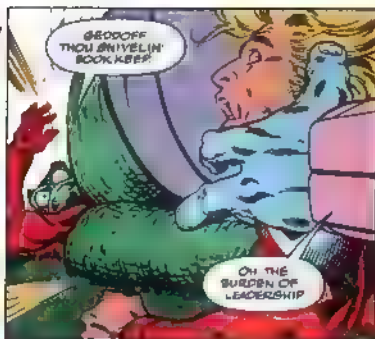
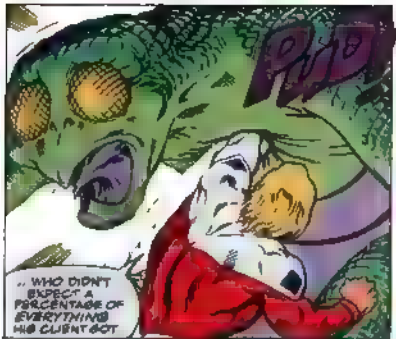
ZOOP!



...HIS SPECIES PRESERVE THEIR PREY IN A NARCOTIC MEMBRANE THAT PARALYZES ALL BUT THE MOST ESSENTIAL BODY FUNCTIONS.







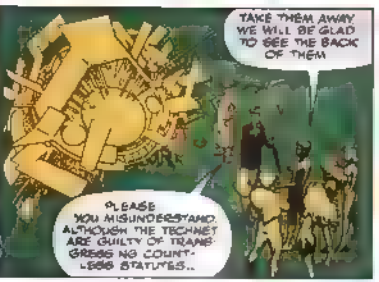
GOOD MORROW,
BRAVE SOULS

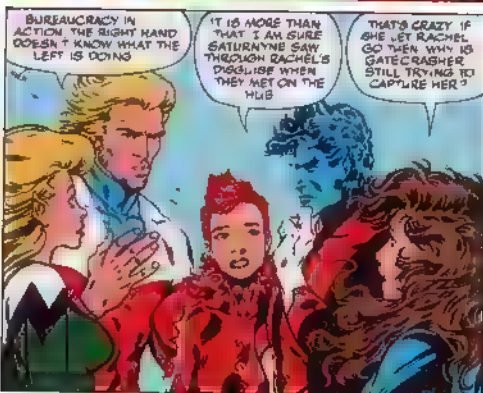
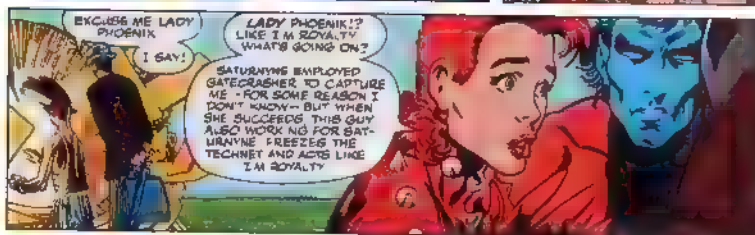
I AM MORRATO CRINGEBOTTOM
FROM THE MINISTRY FOR CROSS-
TIME TRANSPORT REGULATION,
MONITOR AND CONTROL, SANCTION
IMPLEMENTATION DEPARTMENT -

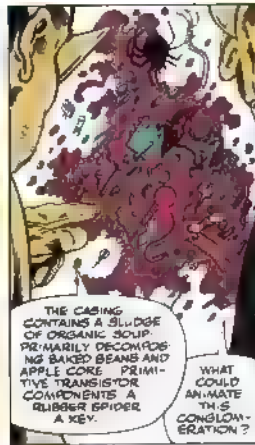
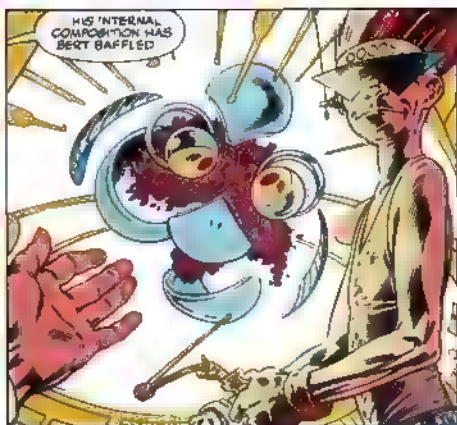
--OPERATING CHARTER
AUTHORIZED BY MAJESTRIK
OPAL LUNA SATURNINE BY
DECREE OF THE SUPREME OM-
NIVERBAL GUARDIAN ROMMA,
DAUGHTER OF MERLYN, GOVERN-
EIGN OF OTHERWORLD

THIS IS
BERT.

HI.







THAT'S A JOB FOR THE META-PHYSICS DEPARTMENT. THE ONLY LIFE I CAN CATEGORIZE IS THE FLING AND BACTERIA IN THIS GOOP.

BEST BET IS TO IMPLANT A G/9543/CYST AND PUT WIDGET BACK TOGETHER. RATIO

AN ELEGANT SOLUTION, BEST

WAIT. IF YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW WIDGET WORKS, HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT THING WON'T HARM HIM?

IT'S A PASSIVE NEXUS WITH A LOGISTIC INTEGRITY--

IN ENGLISH

OKAY, CONSIDER FOR A MOMENT THE RADIO STATIONS HERE. THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THEIR TRANSMISSIONS BUT EACH BROADCASTS ON A DIFFERENT WAVELENGTH.

TO RECEIVE A PARTICULAR STATION, YOU MATCH THE WAVELENGTH OF THE RECEIVER WITH THAT OF THE TRANSMITTER.

A SIMILAR PRINCIPLE GOVERNS THE MULTIVERSE.

ALL OF THE ALTERNATE REALITIES OCCUPY THE SAME PHYSICAL SPACE BUT EACH RESONATES ON A DIFFERENT VIBRATIONAL PLANE.

MOVING FROM ONE PLANE TO ANOTHER IS SIMPLY A MATTER OF SYNCHRONIZING AN INDIVIDUAL RESONANCE WITH A PARTICULAR PLANE.

THE G/9543/CYST REMAINS DORMANT UNLESS IT PERCEIVES CROSSTIME FLUX.

FACE

--THEN IT SIMPLY CONCENTRATES THE ENTITY'S RESONANCE WITHIN THIS REALITY PREVENTING TRANSIT.

BUT IN EVERY OTHER WAY.



EEEEEE?

WIDGET WILL
BE EXACTLY AS
HE WAS.

A HIGHLY
SUCCESSFUL
OPERATION IF
I DO SAY SO
MYSELF.



I DON'T
LIKE THE
WAY
WIDGET
LOOKS.

STAND
CLEAR ALL
IT'S TIME
TO PACK MY
GEAR

HE
SEEMS
ODD



A TOUCH OF POST-OPERATIVE
TRAUMA. NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT. DON'T YOU WANT TO
KNOW HOW THE WORKBENCH
FITS INTO THE TOOLBOX?



NO! I'M MORE CONCERNED
WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE
TO WIDGET.

COMPASSION,
I LIKE THAT IN
MY WOMEN

COME ALONG,
BERT. YOU KNOW
REGULATIONS
FORBID
FRATERNIZATION
WITH LOWER LIFE-
FORMS.



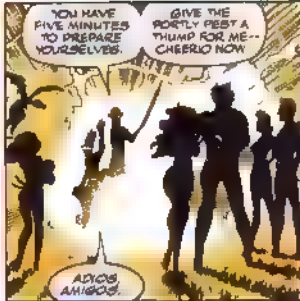
SORRY BABE MAYBE
NEXT TIME.

IT ONLY REMAINS
TO APOLOGIZE FOR
ANY INCONVEN-
IENCE.

YOUR INTERVENTION WAS PER-
FECTLY TIMED. WE WERE TAKING
A BEATING. INCIDENTALLY WE
ARE A BIT ~~DISPLEAS~~ BY
GATECRASHER'S ATTACK



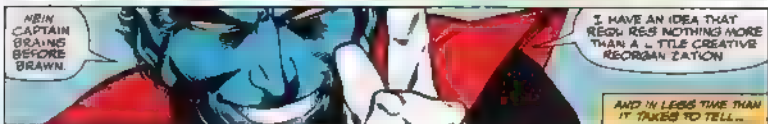
THIS MAY EXPLAIN. CAPTAIN BRYAN BIG
THE OMNI VERSAL MAJESTR X ASKS THAT
YOU PRESENT IT TO GATECRASHER WHEN
THE STAGIS WEARS OFF.

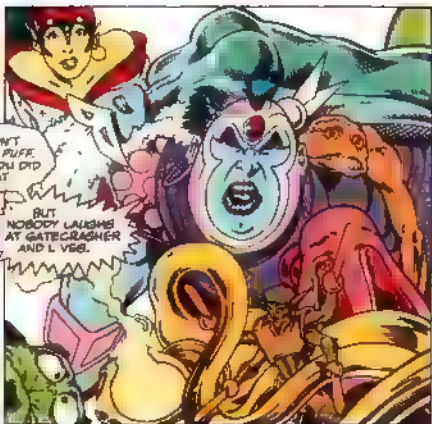


YOU HAVE
FIVE MINUTES
TO PREPARE
YOURSELVES.

GIVE THE
PORTLY PEST A
THUMP FOR ME--
CHEERIO NOW

ADIOS,
AMIGOS.





WHILE YOU'RE
CONSIDERING
YOUR OPTIONS--

--A GENTLEMAN
NAMED CRINGEBOTTOM
LEFT THIS FOR YOU.



IT'S FROM
HER ROYAL WHYNNESS,
THE OMNIVERSAL
MAJESTRIX.



A PSYCHECOM
CRYSTAL
FROM...



...SATURNYNE.

YOU ARE
NOTIFIED
HEREWITH THAT
THE WARRANT
CONCERNING
THE PHOENIX
HOST IS
RESCINDED.

BUT...

UNDER THE
TERMINATION
CLAUSE OF
YOUR CONTRACT,
YOU HAVE NO
ENTITLEMENT
TO MONETARY
COMPEN-
SATION--

BUT...

--AND THE
TECHNETS EXILE
TO EARTH 616 IS
EXTENDED
INDEFINITELY.

BUT...



AND DON'T
BE STUPID
ENOUGH TO
PLEAD WITH
THIS HOLO-
GRAPHIC
RECORDING.

BUT
BUT...

Mother...



PERMANENT
EXILE.

...mutiny.

BUT...

NO MONEY.

YAP...

SCRAG
HER.



...SET
US OUT OF
HERE.

ZOOPT



EE'RATH--

--ONE OF THE CHAIN OF
INFINITE ALTERNATE
EARTHS THAT COIL
THROUGH THE MULTIVERSE.

TIME FLOWS MORE
QUICKLY HERE THAN
IN OUR REALITY, SO
THIS IS AN ANCIENT
WORLD IN THE TWI-
LIGHT OF PLANETARY
LIFE.

BUT AGE
DOES NOT
BESTOW
SERENITY--

--THE ETERNAL
CONFLICT BETWEEN
GOOD AND EVIL
CONTINUES...

NECROM
DEMANDS YOUR
HOMAGE.

WHY
DO YOU
BURN OUR
HOMES?

WE HAVE
DONE NO
WRONG.

QUESTION NOT YOUR
MASTER'S DESIRE, FOLLOW
ME NOW OR DIE WHERE
YOU STAND.

IT'S NOT POLITE TO THREATEN
FOLK, DRUID.

YOU! I
WILL SCORCH
THE FLESH
FROM YOUR
BONES.

GO
AHEAD,
PUNK...



EARKSH!

...MAKE MY DAY.



TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS.

WHO ARE YOU THAT CAN SLAY A DRUID?



COLD STEEL AND A BRAVE HEART ARE ALL IT TAKES... THE DRUIDS ARE NOTHING BUT HOT AIR.

I AM KYLUN.

KYLUN! WE THOUGHT YOU LEGEND.



I AM REAL BUT I AM ONE. IT WILL TAKE AN ARMY TO BREACH THE TOWER THAT CROSSES TIME AND DEFEAT THE TYRANT NECROM.

JOIN ME, YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT HERE.



TEACH US TO FIGHT.

LEAD US TO FREEDOM.

YES, VICTORY WILL BE OURS...



...AND EXCALIBUR WILL PAY FOR THE DEVASTATION THEY UNLEASHED ON THIS WORLD.

NEXT ISSUE: HOME COMFORTS OR, WHO EXPLODED THE TOILET?